

OF INTEREST TO THE WOMEN

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

Dainty women spend a great deal of attention on table appointments, and centerpieces are popular bits of work during the summer holidays. No table is complete without its embroidered piece of linen with a few flowers or a pot of ferns. Few housewives consider themselves well off without a luncheon set and a number of stray pieces for the serving tray and the plates on which the finger bowls rest. The making of these is a labor of love, generally.

It is not wise to attempt much fancy work when the eyes are not strong, but a bit can be always kept on hand for spare moments, and the results are astonishing. One of the prettiest luncheon sets I ever saw was made of natural color linen with deep scallops in white. There were eight plate doilies, sixteen smaller ones for cups and saucers and bread plates, and a centerpiece thirty-six inches across. No amount of washing could affect it. That was intended for a room in yellows with weathered oak furniture, but I do not see why the same idea could not be carried out in blue or green linen for rooms in those colors.

For mahogany furniture there is nothing like the English eyelet embroidery through which glimpses of the beautiful wood can be seen. For simpler rooms there are lovely damask sets with dainty satiny patterns, the edges finished with a scallop done in white linen. These look better after passing through the laundry, and are used by the most fastidious housewife who will not put time and nerve into embroidery. Busy housewives have little spare time which is best spent in recreation.

I saw an old luncheon set made with herringbone outlined with a few stitches in what is known as Kensington work. It merely consisted of alternating long and short stitches. It was novel and pretty, and very easy to make, as the linen was cut away under the herringbone and the outline stitches protected the raw edge. Any woman who can wield a needle can make any of these articles.

The possession of a simple little summer cottage reconciled her taste for refinement and the surroundings of the place by using paper centerpieces and doilies. They are exquisitely made and are cheap in price and are more than a fair imitation of the linen they are supposed to represent. You see them in restaurants, sometimes, under the silver cloche or the punch cup which holds the sherbet or college ice. Daintiness is not expensive, for summer flowers grow wild in abundance, and a bunch of them and a few paper doilies transform an ugly, plain table.

BETTY BRADEN.

FOR OLD AGE.

From *Harper's Bazar*.
As an interest for old age the "patriotic society" has its advantages. Besides an intermittent sense of the importance of its raison d'être it brings much pleasant companionship and many agreeable little journeys, and does something to counteract sectional narrowness. The officers do all the work and they can be of a suitable age for their labors. When you have grown old in the service you are made an honorary officer and are treated accordingly. I was about to say that the patriotic society was too good thing if you did not take it too seriously, but as an interest I suppose it is all the better if you do take it seriously.

To return to one of my own lost pursuits: a garden is surely one of the best of resources. Even if you have not cared for it in your earlier years you may learn to love it now, for a love of nature sometimes develops when the youthful enthusiasm has lapsed; while if it has ever interested you it will do so more and more. My memory holds a picture of a little lady who had lived in the same garden for fifty years. It was a perennial joy to her, but the season of roses was her favorite time. Every morning when she looked her basket and scissors and went out to pick a nosegay, always visiting last of all the white roses which had flourished ever since the garden had been there. During that month of roses she felt less than at any other time the burden of her years.

But there is another pursuit which is far and away beyond all these things—games or gardens, knitting, clubs, or patriotic societies. If you have a little gift of writing you have a resource against all ennui. I had almost said, against all ill. Cultivate it with all your might. Cultivate your powers of imagination, reflection, observation; and cultivate your style with unceasing industry. Make it a love with old age. You will find your wit so sharpened by interest and so enlivened, that senile decay won't have half a chance at you. Your very digestion will improve. So will your temper. Are you inclined to think that the young people are a little impatient with you? Judge you by your wrinkled face and not by your unwrinkled heart. Go to your desk and write about youth. Get its point of view. Don't try to show that you understand it better than it understands itself. In short, be as young as you say you feel! You will find it a most diverting exercise; and what need you care then for your wrinkles or for the limitations of Jack or Laura? You are triumphant. Some day it may occur to you to read aloud to Laura a little tale in which you have depicted her exactly as she sees herself. You think to surprise her by your sympathetic insight, but it is you who get the surprise, after all. Laura accepts her own portrait as a matter of course. Naturally she is like that. Most girls are. But she puts her finger on the sketch of yourself which modestly occupies a corner of the picture—yourself as she sees you, be it understood. "But if you see how those little ways appear," says Laura, sternly, "why do you have them?" It is delightful, that!

"A Season of Variety."

In the *Woman's Home Companion* for September is a series of interviews with famous French modistes. One of these, by Mme. Havet, is characteristic:

"I have never seen a season of such variety. Everything seems to be the mode and every color seems fashionable. Many things are not beautiful, it is true; but then it is a very simple matter to avoid them.

"We are making gowns for the autumn and coming winter with short waists, princess gowns with long waists, and gowns girdled at the extremely long-waist line.

"We are fashioning full skirts, straight skirts, plain circular skirts, and fitted skirts. Our sleeves are both short and long.

"Two things only are absolutely positive—small shoulders and the prevalence of the tailored suit."

There Might Be a Choice.

From the *Argonaut*.
The man with the glassy eye and preternaturally solemn demeanor put down a sovereign at the gaming table and, after Charing Cross, and demanded a ticket.

"What station?" snapped the booking clerk. The would-be traveler steadied himself. "What station have you?" he asked, with quiet dignity.

MORNING CHIT-CHAT.



Ruth Cameron.

The people who are forever treading on other people's mental toes and trains are no more welcome in society than those who tread on actual ones.

There is a sort of sixth sense that makes more for popularity than any talents and that is a sensitivity for other people's prejudices and feelings—a set of mental antennae, as it were. We recognize its relation to touch when we call it by a word which comes from the Latin "tango," meaning "touch"—that is tact.

If you want to be popular, cultivate this sixth sense.

How?

There you have me.

In a thousand ways that cannot all be labeled, but grow and develop out of each other as the branches from a tree.

But I will tell you one thing that you can do deliberately, and that is: to take care never to relate an anecdote without first scanning your audience and asking yourself if there is anything in what you are going to say that can possibly offend any of your hearers.

I sometimes think that more people make themselves disliked by not doing that than in any other way.

"I am not at all popular with my father," a young man said to me woefully when discussing his prospects with the girl.

"Dear me," I said, "that's unfortunate. What's the trouble?"

"Oh, just a little story I told one day," he explained. "I knew her father was a German, but I didn't think of it at the time. Beastly stupid of me. Some one was saying something about the Italian language being musical and I thought I'd help along by quoting that old saying about the languages, you know: 'English is the language of men; French is the language of women; Italian is the language of angels, and German is the language of horses.' But it didn't exactly help."

At a dinner party a friend of mine told a story about a school for feeble-minded where she had witnessed a little play given by those pathetic grown-up children.

"And the thing that struck me most forcibly about the performance," she finished, "was the strange noise in the audience like a great many little creatures eating. And I looked and saw that all the children were biting their nails, nibbling them like a squirrel a nut. The principal of the school told me afterward that it was one of the first signs of feeble-mindedness, one of the first things they looked at if a child was brought to them—to see if his nails were bitten off."

"When I got through telling that story," she said when relating the "break" to me afterward, "I saw that mine host, who is a very clever lawyer, was hiding his hands under the table."

"I found out later, of course, that he bites his nails to the quick. He was too big a man to hold it up against me, but I have never told that story since without looking over the nails of my audience first."

Some people can appreciate a story on themselves, but more cannot. If you want to tell a story that hits at any particular failing, any sect, any nationality, or any class of people at all, look over your audience before you tell it. It can't do any harm and it may do much good.

RUTH CAMERON.

CATHOLIC CHURCH HEAD.



POPE PIUS X.
Who has sent him to President Taft, Kaiser Wilhelm the German, and Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria.

PLAN FOR WINTER NOW.

Careful Living for Next Month Aids During Bad Weather.

Now is the time to get ready for winter, to lay up a store of health that will help you through all the long months when you are cooped up in study office or shop.

Try and spend as much time as possible out of doors. If you can afford to do so take long rides on the open cars every evening. Some years ago I spent the entire summer in town, and every evening I took a long trolley ride or several trips on the ferryboat. It was almost as good as being in the country.

Draw your bed close to the window and sleep with your head as near out of doors as comfort permits. If you take something soft and dark over your eyes the light will not disturb you.

The more fresh air you absorb now the healthier you will be all winter. Give up tea and coffee for the rest of the season and breakfast on eggs and cereals, milk and fruit. Meat is not very necessary during the summer months, but eat all the green vegetables you can get.

If you have a half-holiday on Saturday, spend the afternoon and all of Sunday out of doors. Take your luncheon and go off for the day by trolley or boat.

Health is the best thing in the world; without it you can enjoy nothing; work is drudgery and pleasure half-hearted.

The girl with bright eyes and rosy cheeks is a joy to look at, whether she be plain or pretty.

When you feel well every pleasure is intensified tenfold, the sky seems bluer and the sun brighter and life a joyous song.

If you are nervous and tired out and feel half sick most of the time, nothing seems worth while. To be healthy you must take proper care of yourself, and that means fresh air and sensible living.

After a continued diet of greasy, indigestible food, the stomach will rebel and chronic indigestion may be the penalty you must pay.

It makes me sad to see the luncheons that some girls eat. A piece of soggy meat, a ham sandwich, and a cup of strong coffee seems to be their principal midday meal.

If they were wise they would take a plate of soup or a glass of milk and eggs instead of the clear soup. A bowl of rice and milk is not expensive, and it is nourishing.

Sometimes I think it would be better for this country if our great national pie had never been invented. It's a great culinary accomplishment to make a perfect pie, but, unfortunately, it is a rare one, and unless a pie is digestible it is an insult to any self-respecting digestive apparatus.

However, this is not a sermon on pie, but on health, and let me tell you, little girls, that too much pie and sweet stuff will give you pasty, thick complexions instead of the clear rosy ones that every girl should have.

Drink plenty of water, eat wisely, and get as much air as possible and you will be doing your best to insure health and happiness, for health means happiness to a great extent.

Be wise, little maidens, and get ready for the winter; lay in a store of health.

BED ROOM DRAPERIES.

The new draperies for autumn are striking in effect. Birds, and leaves, and flowers riot over them in gorgeous abundance.

Cretones are decorated with huge splashes of yellow chrysanthemums. Passion flowers on a cream background is one combination.

There are various designs of roses, big and little, in wreaths and single blossoms.

The palm leaf, which has not played a part in decoration for several years, is back again. The most unusual perhaps is the bird design, from which come some wonderful color effects.

On a dull bird ground, for example, will be flocks of tropical birds, arranged in conventional pattern, some what like the designs stamped upon crepe, used for kimono and the like.

Not only will these be used for curtains, but for bed spreads, table covers, cushions, and various other things.

Chocolate Bread Pudding.

Soak two large cups of breadcrumbs (they may be put through the meat grinder) in two large cups of scalded milk, and two-thirds cup of sugar, two squares of chocolate, melted, or cocoa enough to make it quip and cream, then add vanilla. Mix well and bake in a buttered dish with not too hot an oven. If too thick, then add more milk. Serve with whipped cream or the following sauce: Cream butter the size of an egg; add a little powdered sugar. Make a sauce of one-half cup of sugar, pinch of salt, and a tablespoonful of flour or cornstarch; stir with boiling water, let boil a few minutes. When ready to serve, stir the creamed butter in the sauce and flavor with vanilla.

Oil Finish.

From the *Flagpole* Blatter.
First cook—What are you going to have to-day, Lina?
Second cook—I don't know. My mistress is painting a still life picture, and whatever vegetables she has finished at 11 o'clock can be cooked for dinner.

The modified kimono, which is the old wrapper with a Japanese touch in the sleeve and hand on the neck and downward, remains a favorite for bedroom wear.

THE OPTIMIST COLUMN.

"The Benefits of Right Living." Contributed by members of The Washington Herald Optimist Club.
To make thy garden fair as thou canst, Thou wilt never alone; For he whose plot is next to thine Will see it, and mend his own.

—Robert Collier.

"Example is better than precept" is an old saying and an excellent guide to our mode of living. For, after all, we are not all our greatest good and evil; the right or the wrong. But there is a vast difference when we choose to live right. How long you live is not the essential thing, but how well. And what is the recompense? The benefits derived cannot be overestimated. If we live well, we are promised long life and an eternal home hereafter. Often a life that is lived well does much to help those around them. We can make some pale face brighter, kiss the tear-dimmed eye, afford comfort to the aching heart, or cheer some way-worn soul as we pass along. And this is not all; our greatest joy will be to dispense the clouds and make way for the sun and shine, and hear the angels say to us, "You have done your best. Enter!"

ESTHER K. WHITE.

26 Gloucester street, Annapolis, Md.

RIGHT LIVING.

Those who live for love and light, Working truly day and night, Ever wise and good and bright, Must be pure and brave and right!

JOHN A. JOYCE.

22 Maryland avenue northeast.

I think the best way to live is to try and make each day better than the one preceding it, to pray inside and laugh outside, and to strive to keep the soul-house lit up bright; to long for the Christlike spirit, and love and serve with the open heart. We should forget our "illments," if we are unfortunate enough to possess any, and keep red corpuscles in our blood, and be optimistic and happy, and not dig our own graves in our own way with our own spades. I think we should live as if in a love-race, each of us wishing to live more than the other, and like Christ, leading the life of simplicity, which is the only ideal life. Like Kaiser William, I think it is more womanly to know how to make good graces than to discuss constitutional problems. The right way to live is to joy in our work, whether it be with muscle or brain, and to joy in our friends; this is all the tonic one needs to keep in prime condition. It is only the way we take things that hurts, and there is no sport in "smashing" one's idols. God wants us to be strong-abounding in all graces, and bring forth much fruit. The finest and most courageous characters are those who "dig on," day after day, at commonplace occupations, and stay kind and courteous and cheerful, and like the sun. Never stop to see the dark side of things, but keep the fire of hope unquenchable—radiant essence of optimism; thus keeping the soul young, overflowing with love, and the body can still bear all it has to do, forget all that seems unkind, and remember the good, and help the "other fellow" with his load, as if it were a joy; for all the philosophy in the world turns to quicksand in the presence of Infinite Love, and it is love, and love alone, that keeps the tide, the freshness of life, glowing; warm, throbbing, loving life, that charges and charges again, until it reaches the goal, or, failing, finds joy in the scars, and cheers on others, and is great enough at last to smile at death and call it sweet sleep.

ALLIE SHARPE BALCH.

North Weymouth, Mass.

LATEST FASHIONS.

One is apt to hear more of Liliuokalani, when she is in Washington, than of her cousin, J. Kūhiō Kalanianaʻole (Prince Kūhiō), who, as Hawaiian Delegate in Congress, ranks higher than the dethroned Queen in the councils of her native land. That is because the "Lily of Hawaii," intentionally or otherwise, manages to keep herself in the spotlight of publicity, says a writer in the *New York Post*.

When Liliuokalani arrived at San Francisco in the latter part of 1908, it was announced that she was preparing her personal memoirs for publication, and that she intended to make a tour of several American and foreign cities. In the course of time she reached Washington with the determination, it was said, of prosecuting her claim for \$500,000 against the government for the seizure of so-called crown lands. Then came the suit of Dr. Charles L. English, who maintained that the ex-Queen broke her contract with him, after he had given up his practice in Washington to accompany her to Hawaii as private physician.

Dr. English obtained a judgment of \$10,000 by default, but recently this verdict was set aside apparently, because the summons had blown away after it had been tossed into Liliuokalani's motor car by a deputy marshal. The most imaginative press agent could hardly have conceived a more ingenious accident, and probably in future, the device will be used by persons who have no desire to appear in court. At least, they should remember it.

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Mrs. Lydia Dominis, as she is known to prosaic Americans, is credited with many accomplishments, and her writings show no illusions in that respect. In her book, "Hawaii's Story," by Hawaii's Queen, she observes: "I was a studious girl, and the acquisition of knowledge has been a passion with me during my whole life. One which has not lost its charm to the present day." That was written ten years ago. Her musical talents she describes in this manner:

"The Hawaiian people have been from time immemorial lovers of poetry and music, and have been apt in improvising historic poems, songs of love, and chants of worship, so that praises of the living or walls over the dead were with them but the natural expression of their feelings. My ancestors were peculiarly gifted in this respect, and yet it is remarkable that there are few if any written compositions of the music of Hawaii excepting those published by me.

"To compose was as natural to me as to breathe; and this gift of nature, never having been suffered to fall into disuse, remains a source of the greatest consolation to this day. I have never yet numbered by compositions, but am sure that they must run well up to the hundreds. Of these not more than a quarter have been printed, but the most popular have been in such demand that several editions have been exhausted. Hours of which it is not yet in place to speak, which I might have found long and lonely, passed quickly and cheerfully by, occupied and soothed by the expression of my thoughts in music, and even when I was denied the aid of an instrument I could transcribe to paper the tones of my voice.

"In the early years of the reign of Kamehameha V he brought to my notice the fact that the Hawaiian people had no national air. Each nation but ours, he said, had its expression of patriotism and love of country in its own music; but we were using for that purpose on state occasions the time-honored British anthem, 'God Save the Queen.' This he desired me to supplant by one of my own composition.

Wrote the National Anthem.
"In one week's time I notified the King that I had completed my task. The Princess Victoria had been leader of the choir of the Kawaiahae Church, but upon her death, May 23, 1891, I assumed the leadership. It was in this building and by that choir that I first introduced the Hawaiian National Anthem." The King was present for the purpose of criticizing my new composition of both words and music, and was liberal in his commendations to me on my success. He not only admired the beauty of the music, but

spoke enthusiastically of the appropriate words, so well adapted to the air and to the purpose for which they were written."

As a child Liliuokalani met her future husband, John O. Dominis, the son of an American sea captain. He attended a boys' school adjoining a sort of royal boarding institution, and it is related that the pupils were in the habit of climbing the fence to catch a glimpse of the dusky princess and princesses. Dominis married Liliuokalani in 1882, rose to be a general and governor of Oahu, and died in 1891, some months before his Queen lost her throne.

In 1887 Liliuokalani, Dominis, Queen Kapiliolani, and a retinue went to London to attend Queen Victoria's jubilee. They were well received by British royalty, but their visit was cut short by news that a revolutionary movement had manifested itself in Hawaii. By the time they reached home King Kalakaua was ready to sign what Liliuokalani describes as the "Bayonet Constitution." Finally, the King departed for the United States in search of health, leaving his sister, Liliuokalani, to occupy the position of regent. It was not a pleasant billet, owing to the unrest of the country, and matters were further complicated for the regent by news of Kalakaua's death.

Led Into a Trap.
"Before I had time to collect myself, before my brother's remains were buried," writes the ex-Queen, a trap was sprung upon me by those who stood waiting as a wild beast watches for its prey. The ministers, who were apparently of one mind, advised the justices of the supreme court, called together by British royalty, and when all had taken their seats, sent for me. I turned to Gov. Dominis before entering the chamber and inquired of him, 'What is the object of this meeting?' He said that they had come together to witness my taking the oath of office. I told him at once that I did not wish to take the oath, and asked why such proceedings should not be deferred until after my brother's burial. He said that others had decided that I must take the oath then and there.

"Few persons have ever been placed without a word of warning in such a trying situation, and the doubt in my mind was any other woman in the city who could have borne with passable equanimity what I had to endure that day. I will scarcely limit the comparison to my own I should not say any man could have so bravely passed through such an ordeal. Ere I realized what was involved, I was compelled to take the oath to the constitution, the adoption of which had led to my brother's death."

The Queen's Downfall.
The Queen, in the hands of poor advisers, proved to be a reactionary. She and her friends drafted a new constitution, which was intended to displace all foreigners, who were disliked by the more ignorant class of Hawaiians. The majority of the foreigners were American planters and merchants, and they made haste to protect their interests. They formed a "committee of public safety," deposed Liliuokalani, established a provisional government, with the Stars and Stripes as its flag, and sent a commission to Washington to ask President Harrison to annex the group.

Harrison favored the plan, but went out of office before the matter had been thoroughly thrashed out in the Senate. His successor, President Cleveland, took the opposite view and withdrew the United States protectorate after sending a commissioner to study the situation in the islands. Some of the imperialistic American newspapers made a great outcry, the President was abused, and Queen "Liliuokalani" as she was called, was held up to ridicule.

Liliuokalani was tried on charges of treason, convicted, and sentenced to pay a fine of \$5,000 and to serve five years in prison. She declared the sole purpose of the trial was to terrorize the people and to humiliate her. At all events, the sentence was not carried out, for it was apparent that Liliuokalani's cause was lost. On July 4, 1894, a republic was proclaimed, with Sanford B. Dole as President, and on July 7, 1898, the islands were annexed to the United States.

Mrs. Dominis had paid several visits to the country since the event, always having in view her claims against the government, which, however, she never won. She has apparently taken her lot with good grace, if one may judge by her first authorized interview, published in a Honolulu paper in 1908. These were her sentiments:

"The past and the monarchy are only a memory with us. We are satisfied that the country and the people will be properly cared for by the officers of that government, whose keynote is liberty and equality. The Hawaiians of the Islands of Hawaii are faithful to me without weakening the allegiance they and I have for the flag that has taken us all under its protection."

Robbing It In.

From the *Kansas City Journal*.

"Why do you always go out on the balcony when I begin to sing, John? Can't you bear to listen to me?"

"It isn't that; but I don't want the neighbors to think I'm a wife beater."

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LILIUOKALANI AT SEVENTY

Former Queen of the Hawaiian Islands Lives in Atmosphere of Contradiction.

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